

The chocolate's umberella is discolored,
Soak it in the door and braid.

SURREALISM

is within reach
of all sleepwalkers.

PARENTS!

Tell your dreams to your children!

YOU WHO CANNOT SEE

Think of those who can.

Is surrealism
the communism of genius?

-- Christopher Perret

Nostalgia

These are the reason-rocking days,
When all the turbulent Fish swim nigh
In their trillions of amorous blue,
And business men with hooks in their wallets
Fish off the bridge called Kopru,
While their mistresses, huddled in negligees,
Wait till the coals in their red-hot braziers
Also turn a little blue.

-- James Lovett

Now,
so late
we only hope
that others dare
those things
we thought
too bold.

-- Dan Georgakas